

The Royal FUNERAL:

OR, THE

Mourning State and Solemnity

OF THE

F U N E R A L

O F

MARY, Queen of ENGLAND, &c.

Who was Interred at Westminster, on the Fifth of March, 1695.

6. March. 1695

To the Tune of, *Hopes Farewel*, &c.

Licenc'd and Enter'd according to Order.

Here I write a sorrowful Dirty,
For all the Protestant Nation to read,
Which must needs be moved with Pity,
For e'ry Heart has just reason to bleed;
Death's cruel spleen, assaulted the Queen,
When she in the height of her Glory was seen;
*Scepter and Ball, Crown, Throne and all,
She now has forsaken, behold her Funeral!*

Lords and likewise Ladies of Honour,
While Queen Mary she was lying in State,
In their Mourning they waited upon Her,
Their Grief and Sorrow no Tongue can relate;
Death's cruel Dart, hath pierced the Heart
Of our Royal Queen Mary, and forc'd her to part,
*With Crown and Ball, Throne, Scepter and all,
Let Protestant Subjects behold her Funeral!*

On the Twentieth Eight of December
Our most Religious Queen Mary she dy'd,
At which time the Church a dear Member
Did lose, for which we in Grief do abide;
The Courtly Train, do weep and complain,
For to see the last Period of her Royal Reign;
*Scepter and Ball Throne, Crown and all,
Queen Mary hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

Mourn ye Sons and Daughters of Zion,
O mourn in Sable and sorrowful Tears,
Good Queen Mary whom we did rely on,
Is march'd from us in the prime of her Years:
Mary a Day in State she lay,
From whence they convey'd her to sodgins of Clay:
*Scepter and Ball, Throne, Crown and all,
Queen Mary hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

Now that Sweet and Heavenly Creature
Lies close confin'd in a Coffin of Lead;
Death's sharp Arrows severely did treat her,
Without respect to a Queen's Crowned Head;
Both Rich and Poor, and Low must suffer the Blow,
For Death's full power no Pity will show:
*Scepter and Ball, Throne, Crown and all,
Queen Mary hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

This Good Queen her Mercies extended
To all her Subjects of e'ry Degree;
So that when her Days they were Ended,
No Queen was e'er so Lamented as She;
Both Rich and Poor, the Nation all o'er,
Did weep, but no Sorrow her Life could restore:
*Scepter and Ball, Throne, Crown and all,
Queen Mary hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

Now the Abby is shadow'd with Mourning,
And with the darkest of Sable all round;
See how Things are changing and turning,
For the Queen Mary in Triumph was Crown'd;
Now in the room of pleasant Perfume,
She lies close confin'd in a cold silent Tomb:
*Scepter and Ball, Throne, Crown and all,
Queen Mary hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

World thy chiefest Honours are flying,
There's nothing lasting amongst us we find;
Crowned Heads are but juggling to Dying,
They leave their Trophies of Honour behind;
Ere with they may, yet Time will decay,
And blast Earthly Glory, tho' never so gay:
*Scepter and Ball, Throne, Crown and all,
Queen Mary hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

London: Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Gilt-spur street, without Newgate.

Handwritten text in a script, possibly Indic, oriented vertically.